

# HOLIDAYS

## EVERY YEAR.

I FEEL 'tis growing colder  
And my heart, alas! grows older  
Every year.  
I can win no new affection:  
I have only recollection  
Deeper sorrow and dejection  
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended  
Every year.  
Of the joys of friendship ended  
Every year.  
Of the ties that still might bind me  
Until Time and Death resigned me  
My infinites recalled me  
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us  
Every year.  
When the clouds grow darker o'er us  
Every year.  
When we see the blossoms faded  
That to bloom we might have aided  
And immortal garlands braided  
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces  
Every year.  
As the loved leave vacant places  
Every year.  
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us  
In the evening's dusk they greet us  
And to come to them entreat us  
Every year.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting  
Every year.  
And we are seaward drifting  
Every year.  
Old pleasures, clinging, fret us  
The living more forget us  
There are fewer to regret us  
Every year.

But the truer life draws higher  
Every year.  
And its morning star climbs higher  
Every year.  
Earth's hold on us grows slighter  
And the heavy burden lighter  
And the dawn immortal brighter  
Every year.

## THE HIGHWAYMAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT



REPEATED robberies of the stage coach which made a weekly trip from Flagstaff to Pittman Valley, Ariz., finally aroused the ranchmen and small storekeepers along the line to the determination that something must be done to put a stop to the holdups by the desperate highwaymen. So bold had the robbers become that not infrequently passengers were shot down before they had even offered the slightest resistance.

Something must be done, and G. Frank Willard, the agent at Flagstaff, finally made up his mind to drive the coach on its next trip. He announced his intention to his assistant and told the new driver that he could lay off a trip.

"I will find out who are killing our passengers and robbing the company on almost every trip," said Willard, the night before his departure, to a group of ranchmen who had come down the mountains to purchase trinkets and provisions for the Christmas days. Every effort had been made to apprehend the stage robbers without success. Not even a trail in the deep snow could be discovered. Footprints of a man or men within a radius of twenty feet of the robbed coach were all that was ever seen. They could be traced nowhere. Only the single print of an elk's hoof could be found, and, as a rule, do not rob stage coaches. It was a mystery, but Agent Willard was determined to unravel it.

When the incoming coach from Volunteer Springs got into Flagstaff to transfer its freight to Willard's care it was found that he had entrusted to him a most precious burden wrapped snugly in warm, soft blankets. Opening the bundle a pair of big blue eyes, shaded by clusters of golden curls, gazed at him in babyish wonder.

A note pinned to the blanket near the throat of the little one stated that the



"ALL THESE IS YOUR'S."

baby was named Helen Grace Morris and that she was sent to her father at Pittman Valley as a Christmas gift from her mother, who was too poor in health and purse to make the trip.

"Truly a precious present if her father is anything of a man," mused Agent Willard, as he tenderly took the little one in his arms and placed her in his own com-

fortable bed in the rear of the express office. But he had other things to think of, and after kissing the sleeping baby hurried about his work of getting ready for his trip.

In the morning he was up bright and early, had little Helen tucked away snugly inside the coach, and was off for his station, twenty-five miles distant, near the Francisco range of mountains.

"Good luck to you, Willard," was shouted after him by the ranchmen who had gathered about to bid him success in his search for the daring highwaymen. Nothing out of the usual happened during the greater part of his journey, and he was fast beginning to think that his trip would be made without incident when he neared the lonely spot at which almost all of the robberies had taken place. Standing his Winchester by his side and placing his revolvers in his lap, he slowed up and peered cautiously on either side. Suddenly, as he turned a bend in the narrow pass, a figure loomed up in the center of the road and shouted:

"Hands up!"  
In an instant the agent had caught up his revolvers, but before he could pull the trigger the highwayman fired, and the plucky agent rolled from his seat a desperately wounded man. Before advancing a step the robber fired again, killing one of the lead horses. He then quickly strode to the coach, picked up the wounded man, threw him under the seat, and began rifling the old vehicle. A small box, containing the money destined for the Pittman Valley office, was all that was secured. As the robber backed out of the coach his eye caught sight of the little bundle of blankets on the seat. Stooping down he pulled aside the cover-

## NEW YEAR DAY IN Y<sup>e</sup> OLDEN TIME



ing, and was startled by hearing a wee little voice say:

"Is you my papa? I'm his Christmas gift; mamma sent me."

"You bet I'm your papa, and I take you as the most precious Christmas gift mortal man ever got."

Pondly clasping the cooing baby in his big brawny arms, he leaped from the coach, cut loose the dead horse and its living companion, and then lashed the remaining pair into a run in the direction of Pittman Valley. A moment later, as he stood in the middle of the pass, he gave a shrill whistle, and from a clump of pine trees on the side of the road emerged a tall and powerful elk. Without hesitation the stately animal moved quickly to the side of the robber, who hastily tied on its back the box of money, and then, still hugging the precious bundle, he leaped on the elk's back and was soon lost to sight in the valley below.

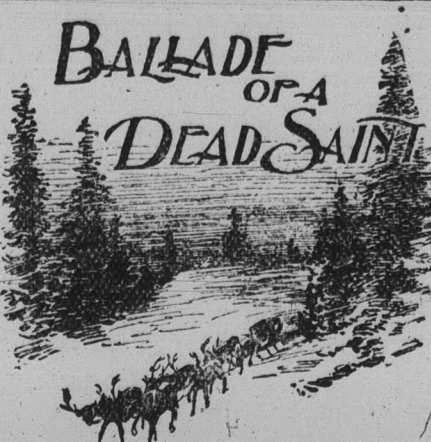
The clattering of the maddened coach horses as they dashed in the little town of Pittman aroused its citizens, who soon learned from the wounded agent, who had recovered consciousness, what happened. A posse was at once formed, and with the sheriff in the lead set out for the scene of the robbery and attempted murder. Arriving there they were nonplused at failing to find any trail in the deep snow except the hoofprints of an elk or stag.

"Don't see how we can make a move without a trail to work on," said the sheriff. "Might as well give it up!"

But this did not suit Wesley Hawkins, an old mountain trapper.

"These elk hoofprints are a mystery to me," he said. "I know positively that there are no elk this high up in the mountains now and haven't been for goin' on three year. They are all in the valley below, and for one I think we ought to follow this trail!"

"Mebbe you're right," said the sheriff, who set off on the elk trail, followed by his posse. Two hours of quick walking brought them to a cavernous-like opening, around which were seen innumerable human footprints. Cautiously they bent to their hands and knees and began to crawl in at the mouth of the cavern. In a few moments they heard voices and came to a small, stout door, which stood partly ajar. The poorly furnished room they peered into was ablaze with the light of a huge log fire, and seated in the middle of the floor was little Helen Grace Mor-



Bitter is the story, told  
On the shining Christmas day,  
How the saint beloved of old  
Now hath ceased his merry sway!  
Joy spoke without dismay:  
"Ain't no Santa Claus!" he said,  
Vain the struggle to gainsay,  
Poor old Santa Claus is dead!

Since disasters manifold,  
Bring the reindeer and the sleigh;  
Stretch the good saint's body cold  
Neatly in its fur array.  
Smooth his locks so long and gray  
Round his venerable head;  
Change for dirge your roundelay—  
Poor old Santa Claus is dead!

Do not all your tears withhold,  
Once you loved him in your play,  
Yearned to see his pack unfold,  
Ardently desired his stay.  
Speed him now upon his way  
To that last and lowly bed,  
Where the reindeer thus convey—  
Poor old Santa Claus is dead!

ENVOY.  
Saint, for thy repose we pray,  
Though thy reign be vanished,  
Skeptics youths we mourn, and say:  
"Poor old Santa Claus is dead!"  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

others," advises Frances E. Lanigan in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Let your presents to them be of a substantial character—a ton of coal, some warm clothing, some money, a box of groceries, or a basket of Christmas marketing, topped with a bunch of holly. And to the little children in whose homes Christmas is little more than a name, send some of the many bright, new tin toys which are so inexpensive; some candy, some fruit, bright red woollen mittens and 'Tans' of shanters, and, if you can afford it, some good stout shoes and warm stockings. A piece of bright colored plaid will make a pretty gift for the little girl who has never, perhaps, had a new dress in her life. Accompany your Christmas presents with some cheery Christmas greetings and some Christmas greens. Be very sure that this thoughtfulness will bring its own reward, and that in the years to come the memory of the Christmas when you gave the most and received the least will be the happiest of all memories to you."

## NEW YEAR'S IN WASHINGTON

When Every One Keeps Open House with Lavish Hospitality.

Mary Nimmo Valentine, writing of "New Year's Day in the White House" in the Woman's Home Companion, thus describes the public receptions: "Announcements are published in the newspapers proclaiming the levee at the White House and the exact minute at which the different officials of the Government service will be received, but it is usually near one o'clock before the sovereign people are admitted to the grounds. 'The state levee at the White House is but the beginning of the calling that con-

## HIS LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

MY papa says at Santa Claus  
Is going to bring to me  
Another mamma, Christmas time,  
And pap says at she  
Is beautiful and good and kind  
And says she hopes at I  
Will like her awful much and learn  
To love her by and by.

My papa's often seen her, and  
He says her eyes are blue,  
The same as mine is, and her cheeks  
Has dimples in them, too,  
And she ain't more an half as old's  
My other mamma was,  
And papa says I ought to thank  
Dear, kind old Santa Claus.

But I ain't glad and I don't want  
No other mamma here;  
I'd rather have him bring me back  
My own sweet mamma dear—  
My nice, good mamma that is gone  
So far—so far away—  
I'll write to Santa Claus to bring  
Her back to me to stay.

HIS LETTER.  
Dear Santa Claus, My papa says  
You're going to bring to me  
Another mamma, Christmas time,  
At's as sweet as she can be,  
But I don't want no other one.  
Don't put her in your pack—  
But please, good Santa, won't you bring  
My own dear mamma back?

She said, before she went away,  
At she would take my hand,  
And lead me out of here some day  
Into a happier land.  
So don't bring no new mamma here  
At's younger than she was,  
To take the place we've kept for her,  
Dear, kind old Santa Claus.

If you can bring new mammas round  
Why can't you find some way  
To bring a boy's own mamma home  
And give her to him, say?  
I don't want no new mamma here,  
At's as sweet as she can be,  
But bring my old one, Santa, dear,  
To papa and to me.  
—Cleveland Leader.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY LONG AGO.

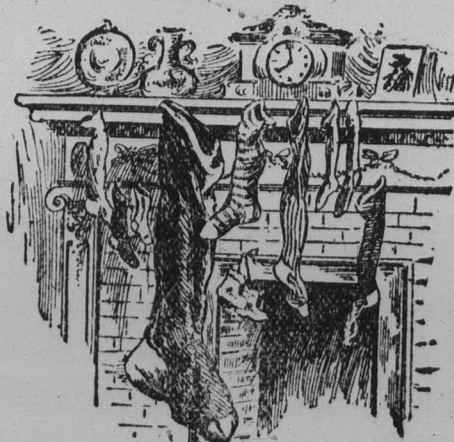
Hilarious Rejoicing in Merrie England, Scotland and France.

THE customs pertaining to New Year's day were accompanied with the highest demonstrations of merriment in the day of long ago. In the homes of our forefathers of various nationalities seeing the old year out and the new year in and celebrating the first day of the new year was of as much importance

as are Christmas and the Fourth of July to-day. Especially was the day one of hilarious rejoicing in merrie England, Scotland and France, the latter being now, at the close of the nineteenth century, about the only nation still continuing in the joyous customs of happy festivity. In America and England the wassail bowl has been forestalled by the punch bowl and the loving cup; the rich feast complete in even the slightest detail has given way to wafers and tea; the pretty baskets decked in gay ribbons and hung below the knockers, in themselves all the invitation required for a call and interchange of the compliments of the season, have been cast aside to be superseded by a reign of engraved cards; the informal New Year's day hospitality is a thing of the past, and stiff, conventional "at homes" are now the rule. The passing of generations "treading on the skirts of time" have brought about many changes that are to be regretted, even while the customs may have been a little barbarous, compared to the state of civilization which the world of to-day has attained.

How jovial and pompous the Old English head of the house appeared in tight knee-breeches and high-heeled shoes, with the white kerchief wound about his neck, sitting on New Year's eve surrounded by all the members of his family, and with the flowing wassail bowl before him. The words of good cheer that passed on with the wassail bowl were the ancient Saxon words, "Wass hael," signifying "To your health."

## Puzzle.



Find the stocking that Willie hung up.

## Discovered.

"Papa," said little Petie, "does Kris Kringle bring little boys toys ahead of Christmas?"

"No, my son," replied the father.

"Why do you ask?"

"I was a wonderin' what them new toys was I found away back in the loft behind the trunks."

## Christmas.

Comes yearly;  
Costs dearly;  
Broke—nearly.

## Bethlehem Shepherd of To-Day.



## Presents for the Poor.

"In your Christmas purchasing do not be tempted to forget those who, because of their poverty, are unable to do any shopping either for themselves, or for

others," advises Frances E. Lanigan in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Let your presents to them be of a substantial character—a ton of coal, some warm clothing, some money, a box of groceries, or a basket of Christmas marketing, topped with a bunch of holly. And to the little children in whose homes Christmas is little more than a name, send some of the many bright, new tin toys which are so inexpensive; some candy, some fruit, bright red woollen mittens and 'Tans' of shanters, and, if you can afford it, some good stout shoes and warm stockings. A piece of bright colored plaid will make a pretty gift for the little girl who has never, perhaps, had a new dress in her life. Accompany your Christmas presents with some cheery Christmas greetings and some Christmas greens. Be very sure that this thoughtfulness will bring its own reward, and that in the years to come the memory of the Christmas when you gave the most and received the least will be the happiest of all memories to you."

Agent Willard recovered and five years ago came to Chicago and is the owner of a small hay and feed store in Beiden avenue.—Chicago Tribune.

His Awful Fate.  
Visitor (in dime museum)—Where is the human ostrich who was on exhibition here last week?

Lecturer—The poor fellow ate some of the candy that his little son got off from the Sabbath school Christmas tree and died in horrible agony soon after.—Puck.

## Holiday Troubles.

"What do you intend to get your husband for a Christmas gift?"

"I can't make up my mind whether to give him lace curtains, a dinner set, new portieres or a drawing room clock."—Chicago Record.

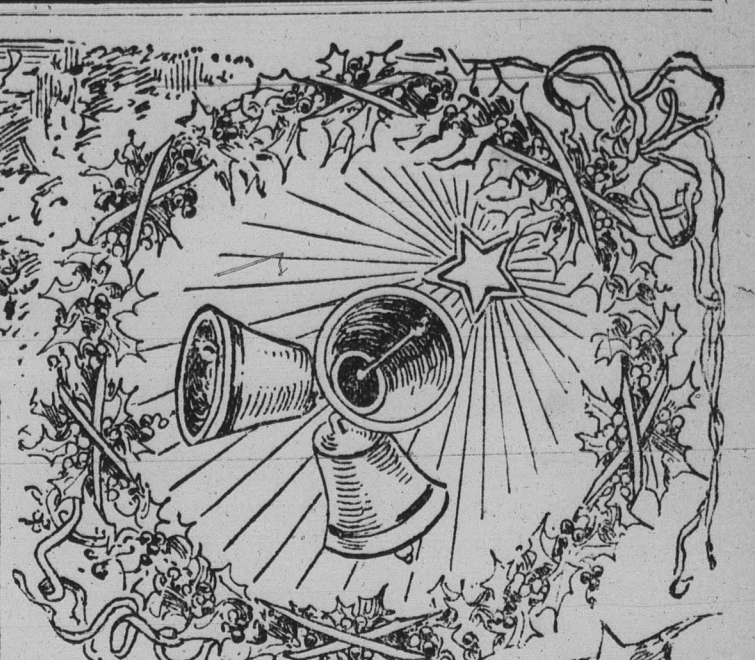
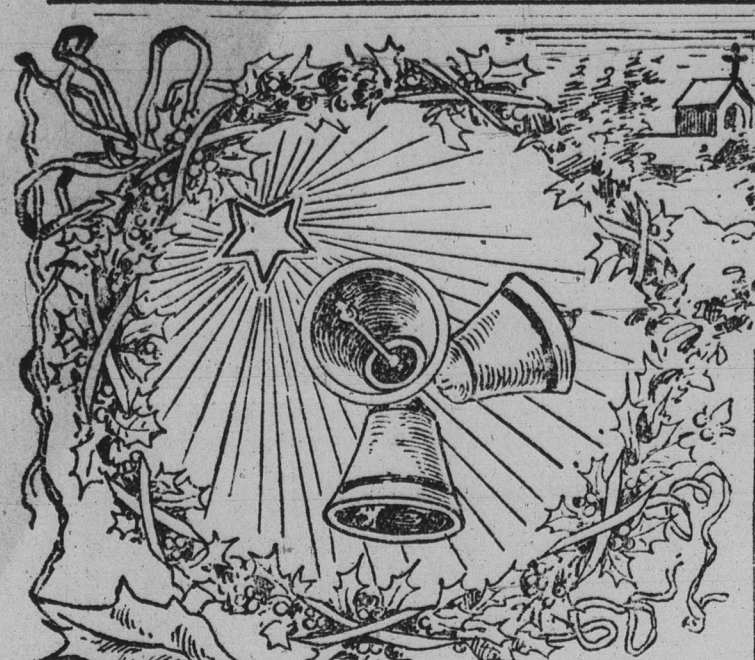
## Yuletide Amenities.

Miss Antique—My stocking was so full they couldn't get anything more in it.

Miss Pert—You poor thing! And was that all you got?—American Humorist.



# HOLIDAYS



## THE GOOD NEW TIMES.

THOUGH the "old folks" talk of the good old times, When land was plenty and cares were so few; Yet the "young folks" listen with doubtful smiles, Convinced they were not as good as the new.

Those were gay sleigh rides, grandpapa, I know, While lassie ne'er danced like as dear "grandma" do. But some things could be said 'bout a modern beau, And a cozy jaunt in a palace car.

Those were wonderful loaves dear "grand-ma" made, And she brooded her socks with a wondrous darn; Yet she wondered sometimes, I'm sure, if it paid, (Would have left had she dared for a promise made.) And enjoyed to have spun a little street yarn.

No doubt her papa, great-granpa, you know, Really frowned when she purchased her wedding dress; And sighed as he wished for the "good old times," When bonnets were cheaper and dresses took less.

While his great-grandpa, I've heard it said, Wouldn't spare the wool for his daughter to weave; But sighed for the fashions of Paradise, And longed for the fig leaves of Mother Eve.

Soon forgotten is pain, when pleasures are o'er, "Distance enchants us," the poet was right; Who wanders his memory back to deplore, The collar too high or the boots all too tight.

The maiden who lingers o'er past hours of bliss, Forgets as she day-dreams of heroes and rings, How her hair wouldn't crimp and her gloves wouldn't fit; For "deeply depraved are inanimate things."

There are bountiful times in these good new days; There are lives as beautiful, pure and true, As any who moved to the simpler ways; And it may be a trifle better, too.

Since God with infinite, loving design, Is raising the nations nearer to Him; And the steady sweep of the centuries, Ever chants a progressive, happier hymn.

Then a glad New Year, this, my earnest wish, I send in hopeful, jubilant tone; That the coming year, rich-freighted with love, May prove the best that you ever have known.—Exchange.

## Lilla's Xmas Presents.

LILLA SPRAGUE seemed to blow in at the door with a gust of wind and a drift of snow. Then, having kicked a pair of snow encrusted overshoes into a corner of the hall, Miss Lilla ran upstairs in a hurry.

"See here, mother," said Lilla, "it's all over now."

"What, dear?" Mrs. Sprague asked, looking up absently from a letter she was writing.

"It's all over—I say, it's all over between Randolph and me, what a fool—fool I've been!" And she flung herself, sobbing, on a big horsehair sofa.

"But why, Lilla?"

"Don't ask me like that, mother. Don't! I've told you before, and this—this is the second time. Oh! More so."

"I don't understand you, daughter," said her mother, leaving her batch of Christmas correspondence and going to carry comfort to the tragic figure on the horsehair sofa.

"He's run away again!" Lilla roared. "Done what, dear?"

"The same as he did before."

"What did he do before?"

"Mother, I told you, day before yesterday—ran away from me. He thought I didn't see him."

"Mr. Watts ran away from you?"

"Yes, mother, and I'll never speak to him again. Day before yesterday he at



"IT IS ALL OVER NOW," SAID LILLA, least had the politeness to bow. This time he just turned and went down a side street. He was with that tramp of a cousin, I just hate her, and him, and the whole lot."

"Don't be foolish, child. Mr. Watts will be here to explain it all. You'll see."

In answer to this Lilla only rose from the sofa, grimly took off her wraps and hat, muttering: "Yes, I'll see," and dis-

appeared through a door that led to her own room.

Mrs. Sprague did not follow her daughter with any further attempts at consolation, neither did she guess what Lilla was going to do, and that was to write a note.

Dear Sir—In case you may wish to make any explanation of your very strange conduct on two occasions this week, I wish you would spare yourself the trouble of doing any such thing, either personally or in writing. Your ring should be returned by mail, registered. "LILLA SPRAGUE."

That little projectile which Lilla fired at her fiancé very nearly ended the life of Randolph Watts; at least, so Watts said. He could not think, or he might have seen an easy way out of the horrible maze into which he had got himself. His transgression stared him in the face. He had run away from Lilla—twice—and had even congratulated himself on his escape from her and chuckled over it secretly. How was he to convince her that his evasion was not an evidence of disloyalty to her?

It was only three days before Christmas and Watts had promised himself that, whatever future Christmas might have in store for him, that Christmas should be the happiest he had known so far at least.

That night he lay awake until he was exhausted. Next morning he got up and went to his business mechanically.

The first ray of comfort came with his cousin, Mrs. Sucher—the same, whom Lilla had spoken of as a "trump."

"Why, Randolph," said Mrs. Sucher, as she entered the office, "what is the matter with you? Have you been ill?"

"She saw me," was all Randolph could say.

"You were with Randolph Watts when he ran away from Lilla yesterday. How was it?"

"You promise not to tell her?—to keep it for three days? Very well. You see, he wants to give her a bracelet he had made for her, with a very pretty motto



OH, IT'S NO USE NOW, COUSIN MATTIE."

on it in enamel. Then he wants to give her a beautiful little watch that belonged to his poor mother, and he has had a little miniature of his mother made to fit in behind the watch. First he took the watch to Moore's. That was the day he ran up against Lilla, when he had the whole package in his hand, and was afraid she would ask him, and ran. Yesterday, just as he was taking me to hold

been cut for us on the stick of time. The delight arises from the anticipation of the new and better experiences of the year to come. What interest any rational person could have in having his fortune told is a mystery. The zest and charm of life consist largely in the fact that each day is like a new page in the story. If you wish to enjoy your book you do not, when it is half read, turn to the closing chapter to discover how it turns out. You do not thank anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribution to the record. You do not want to anticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as sad. Who can tell? Who can control that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New Year's day.

## ARCTIC CHRISTMAS.

How a Party of Men Once Made Some Little Eskimos Happy.

Once on a time a company of men were far North in the arctic regions at Christmas time, and they could not help thinking of their families at home, and longing to be with them. But they knew it would not do to be homesick, for it would unfit them for their work, so they chose the best possible cure for it; they made other people happy.

The little Eskimo children around them had never even heard of a Christmas tree, and the men of the ship's company went to work to make one. Make one? "Why, trees grow?" Certainly, but they do not grow in the arctic lands, for these explor-

## HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



a consultation on that wonderful bracelet, we saw Lilla coming along. I said to him: 'Randolph, if she meets us she'll want to walk along with us, and then the whole plot is ruined. Let's turn down here before she sees us.' But it seems she saw us after all."

On Christmas morning, in spite of many earnest assurances from her mother that that morning would bring a clearing-up if all her trouble, Lilla was as terribly cross and out of time with the chiming as she had been for four days past. Moreover, she awoke with a headache.

She found a stocking tied to the head of her bed, as she had expected, and took the stocking down and opened it mechanically. Then she found the bracelet with a scrap of paper in which, in her mother's writing, were the words, "Press the spring and look inside, behind the watch." And when she looked a lovely, loving face looked back at her—a face that was very like Randolph Watts' own. And at the bottom of the stocking—away at the very toe—was another paper which said, "The bracelet ought to tell you why I ran away. R. W."

Then she laid her head and bracelet on her pillow, and wet both bracelet and pillow with tears until her headache was all gone.

"A CHRISTMAS WISH. If I wish Santa, and Santa wish me. I'd love what I would do? I'd love with presents the Christmas tree. And have 'em all marked 'For Willie B.' With p'p's for Charlie a few. P. S.—I'm Willie B."

A Happy New Year. Delight and pathos are inextricably mingled with the thought of New Year's day, says the Boston Watchman. It is only a conventional point of time; any other would do as well. Every day closes an old year and begins a new one, but for all that we cannot help feeling that this day, which is agreed upon throughout Christendom for the beginning of a new year, is somewhat unique. The pathos comes from the review of the past, and from the sense that another notch has

ers were far north of the tree line. But they took bones of the whale, walrus and other animals, and tied them together so as to make a trunk with branches. That was the tree. A Christmas without candy would seem strange to you, but instead of candy, they made balls of whale fat, or blubber, of which the Eskimo children are as fond as you are of chocolate drops or peanut brittle. They hung these on the tree, and prepared some presents of buttons and beads, and that was all. But it was enough for a delightful time for the little Eskimos, and their pleasure made the men so happy that they forgot their loneliness and homesickness.—Home Magazine.



Boiled turkey is very popular in England, and is certainly a most delicious dish—a handsome one, too, with a proper sauce. A good way to "boil" a turkey is to steam it. Use a baby wash-boiler, and arrange a rack or something on rests that will hold the bird up above the water. Steam until it is perfectly tender without falling to pieces.

For salad rolled bread is in very good taste. Take fresh bread and cut off all the crusts with a very sharp knife. Then butter one end, slice thin and roll up, buttered side inward. When a sufficient number of rolls are prepared tie them in a clean white cloth and keep in a cool place for quite a while before using.

A dinner never needs it, but chicken pie is a regulation item on Christmas menus. It may be prepared the day before if the reheating is carefully done.

Never under any circumstances use a flour-and-water thickening for making gravies. It is quite as bad as boiling tea—both culinary sins.

Stuff turkeys or any fowl not more than three-quarters full, or less, as dressings swell and so become solid if packed tightly.

Unless scalloped oysters are on the Christmas menu, oyster soup should be the soup selection.

Salted nuts are always in favor during the progress of the Christmas dinner.

The old-fashioned mince pies are always in order.

## CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.

THE little folks are talking—they talk like anything. "Bout Santa Claus a-comin', an' what he's goin' to bring; An' the mother never scolds 'em or tells 'em 'bout the noise; They're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys."

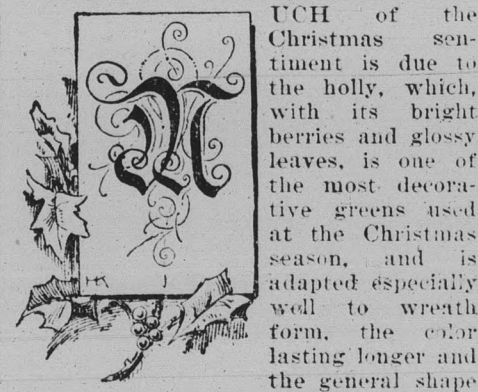
Because they know that Santa Claus knows everything they do, An' while he's loading up his sleigh he's watchin' of 'em, too; An' them that nuss their mothers, they gets the most of toys—They're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys."

They're just been writin' letters to Santa An' tellin' him just what they want an' showin' him the way To where the house is, so he'll know just where to leave the toys. Fer just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys."

They're gittin' mighty anxious fer the days An' all of 'em are happy an' they make their mothers so; She never has to scold 'em or tell 'em 'bout the noise. 'Cause they're just the sweetest little girls—the best of little boys. —Atlanta Constitution.

## THE DECORATIVE HOLLY.

Wreaths of Its Glossy Leaves Woven Round the Earth at Christmas.



UCH of the Christmas sentiment is due to the holly, which, with its bright berries and glossy leaves, is one of the most decorative greens used at the Christmas season, and is adapted especially well to wreath form, the color lasting longer and the general shape being more satisfactory than when made of the evergreen. Strange as it may seem, hundreds of holly wreaths are sent out to the cemeteries, their green and red brightness signifying the loving remembrance for dear ones passed away—yet somehow a little incongruous even from a sentimental standpoint. One is so apt to associate holly with crackling wood fires, collecting jollity, good eating and drinking, and other material enjoyment, that in memorial it seems a trifle out of place; yet in the poem of that name which Tennyson has made immortal, we read: "With trembling fingers did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth." So that the holly has before its present vogue in cemeteries been associated with the memory of those no longer in our midst.

Botanically speaking, the holly is a genus of trees and shrubs of the natural order Aquifoliaceae, chiefly natives of temperate climates, with evergreen, leathery, shining and generally spinous leaves. The common holly, the only European species and a native of some parts of Asia, also is a well-known ornament of woods, parks and shrubberies in Great Britain; the stiffness of its habit being so compensated by the abundance of its branchlets and leaves as to make it one of the most beautiful evergreens. It is found as a native plant in Scotland, although Britain is nearly its northern limit. It attains greater size and displays greater luxuriance in the northern than in the southern parts of its geographic range, often appearing in the former as a tree of considerable size—20 to 50 feet high—while in the latter it is generally a mere bush. The name holly used to be derived from the very ancient use of the branches and berries to decorate churches at Christmas, said to be connected originally with the Roman Saturnalia, from which the tree was called holly tree.

## Best of All Gifts.

The best of all gifts at the present time is yourself. Make yourself in some way more pleasant and helpful to others. You may have been neglectful of them; be mindful henceforth. You may be quick in temper and have spoken hastily; put on restraint and speak kindly now. Restrain all evil habits and make yourself a joy and a help to others. They will bless you.

## It Made Him Hot.



Santa Claus—There, confound these hard-coal burners! I've singed my whiskers and ruined another suit of clothes!

## First of All.

If Santa Claus would ask the horse, Who has to pull the loads, The gift he'd like for Christmas He would shout, "Good Roads!"



# The Index-Tribune

SONOMA, DECEMBER 30, 1899.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

The trees in the plaza are being pruned.

Don't forget the Native Sons ball New Year's night.

Stylish Millinery at Miss English's, 852 Main St., Petaluma.

Up to date Millinery at Miss English's 852 Main st., Petaluma.

Henry Weyl has sold his cellar of red and white wines to George Engler.

G. A. Goess and P. G. Keil are putting up a new windmill on the Maxwell place.

When in Petaluma go to Miss Mattie Wier's, 850 Main street, for bargains in winter millinery.

The Sonoma Valley Union High School re-opens on Monday, January 8th, after a holiday vacation of three weeks.

Cameras for Xmas presents and all the photo supplies can be had at city prices at the Racket Store in Sonoma.

Go to the new millinery store two doors above Hale Bros., Petaluma, for latest styles in hats and bonnets.

It is evident from the volume of trade now going to the Racket store that there are brighter days dawning on Sonoma.

The grocery store of Messrs. Perkins & Bates is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy next Monday.

Dr. F. H. Phillips, Surgeon Dentist. All branches of dentistry. All work guaranteed. Office—L. O. F. building, Petaluma.

No more appropriate Christmas present can be made than a handsome buggy robe. Chas. Wilson, Main street, Petaluma, has them in great variety.

Stock ranch of 400 acres to lease. Two hundred dollars per annum. Timber and fine running water on the place. For further particulars address this office.

When you take your best girl for a ride be sure you have one of those swell plush buggy robes which are being sold by Chas. Wilson, Main street, Petaluma.

With every 50c purchase or repair at Wahlen's, the Jeweler, you get a chance on a lady's chain and solid gold watch set with diamonds and rubies, 835 Main st., Petaluma.

A grocery war is about to be inaugurated in this place and the bargains will no doubt be published in these columns in order to let the people know where they can buy the best and cheapest.

The weather the past week has been the coldest and most disagreeable ever experienced in this valley. People who have resided here for forty-five years declare they never suffered so much from the cold as they have the past few days.

A span of horses strayed off from the Benton place last Sunday night. One of the animals is a black mare and the other a roan horse. The former had a halter on. Any information that will lead to the recovery of the animals will be suitably rewarded.

Louis Allegranza of Jackson, Amador county, spent Christmas with his Sonoma friends. He reports that Mr. A. Campanelli, who left this place a couple of years ago to engage in the merchandise business in Jackson, as doing a prosperous business.

Dr. Hennessey of Napa is treating a number of patients in this valley at the present time. The Dr. has been remarkably successful in his treatment of the dangerously sick in this place and vicinity and in consequence his professional services are in demand from one end of the valley to the other.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by F. Duhring."

### The Barbarin Estate.

Mrs. Louise Barbarin, guardian of the estate of Augustin Barbarin, a minor, has filed the annual account of the estate in the Superior Court, through her attorney, E. C. Barham.

### The Place to Trade.

When you are in need of fine underwear, boots, shoes, hats or winter goods don't forget to call on Mrs. T. Olivieri, dealer in general merchandise, next door to the Post-office. Her prices are the lowest and the goods No. 1

Subscribe for the INDEX-TRIBUNE and get the local and county news.

## SHERIFF JIM JOHNSON OF MENDOCINO.

### The Defaulting Official in Central America.

Ex-Sheriff Jim Johnson of Mendocino county, who jumped the country while holding office about two years ago, has been heard from. At first it was thought he had buried himself in the wilds of Alaska and a sharp lookout has been kept in and around Dawson City by officers in the hopes of running across and arresting the defaulting official in that place, which has been a veritable refuge for offenders ever since the fame of the Klondyke became known to the outside world. Johnson, however, did not turn northward. On the contrary, he traveled in just the opposite direction, heading for Mexico and eventually bringing up in Central America. Shortly after reaching that republic he engaged in the saloon business and made all kinds of money. He now offers to make restitution to Mendocino county and to the Wiley estate, of which he was the executor, if the indictments against him are dismissed.

Jim Johnson was born in this county nearly fifty years ago. He was a genial and companionable fellow and made friends wherever he went, and when he ran for Sheriff of Mendocino county he was elected by a handsome majority. By instinct he was an honest man but his duties as Sheriff threw him in the way of fast company and before he realized it he was a defaulter. He then fled the country, leaving a family behind that any man might well be proud of. He covered his footsteps only too well and his whereabouts would not now be known only that his desire to make restitution compelled him to disclose his abiding place. When Johnson fled he took little or no funds with him, the money that he had appropriated from time to time having been spent in riotous living.

### Another Relic of Those Boom Days.

Every now and then a relic of the boom days of ten years ago bobs up in the Superior Court of this county. In those days town lots and acre tracts were sold to unsuspecting buyers by conscienceless boomers when they knew the title to the land was vested in others. Notwithstanding the repeated warnings given in these columns—as we now warn our readers to beware of the numerous wild cat oil schemes on the market at the present time—to have nothing to do with the alluring investments with which the boomer baited his hook to catch suckers, many worthy but gullible people were inveigled into taking the bait, and became the owners of titleless land. The latest evidence of these unwise speculations is told by papers recently filed in the County Clerk's office of this county by the Pacific Improvement Company against Mrs. Lizzie Carriger and her sons and daughters. The complaint alleges that Mrs. Carriger unlawfully seized some of their lots in El Verano. The Pacific Improvement Company ask that she be dispossessed and be compelled to pay \$1,000 damages and costs of suit.

### The Special Reserve Old Government Whiskey.

The board of health of San Francisco has resolved to distribute among the returning soldiers a quantity of the purest grain liquor measured in Government warehouses and has accepted for the sanitary purpose a liberal supply of Old Government Whiskey. Under the circumstances this is quite a happy thought. It is almost as if Uncle Sam said to his faithful fighters: "I don't encourage drinking, boys, but when you really need a stimulant take a bottle of Special Reserve." Sold by A. Pinelli.

### A Quiet Christmas.

Christmas day was one of the quietest ever known in Sonoma. Few people were seen upon the streets after the noon hour and there were not a dozen people abroad after 9 o'clock in the evening except those who attended Christmas services in the Catholic, Congregational and Methodist Churches. Nearly every home in Sonoma had its Christmas tree and the traditional turkey dinner.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family Pills are the best.

## ROAD MONEY.

### Apportionment Made by County Auditor Wright.

County Recorder Wright and Chief Deputy Vernon Goodwin, says the Press-Democrat, have completed the apportionment of road money to the various districts in the county as follows:

|                 |             |
|-----------------|-------------|
| Bloomfield      | \$ 2,108 35 |
| Sebastopol      | 1,130 09    |
| Forestville     | 1,130 47    |
| Petaluma        | 3,679 00    |
| Marin           | 1,745 14    |
| Glen Ellen      | 1,225 03    |
| Agua Caliente   | 1,403 85    |
| San Luis        | 2,715 81    |
| Lakeville       | 2,752 10    |
| Pennings        | 2,948 14    |
| Fulton          | 5,214 89    |
| Santa Rosa      | 5,214 67    |
| Russian River   | 3,211 34    |
| Bodega          | 2,782 91    |
| Ocean           | 1,316 92    |
| Redwood         | 1,752 41    |
| Salt Point      | 2,136 30    |
| Cloverdale      | 1,890 21    |
| Washington      | 1,178 33    |
| Knight's Valley | 1,178 33    |
| Mendocino       | 5,088 03    |
| Total           | \$54,402 31 |

### Road Improvements.

Road Overseer B. F. Campbell has fourteen teams engaged in graveling the roads in the San Luis road district. Lumber is also on the ground for replanking the Cooper bridge which has recently been strengthened and otherwise improved. The roads in the San Luis district and in fact all over this valley are said to be as fine as those of any section of the State.

### The Piano Recital.

The piano recital given by Mme. Chamberlin, on Friday evening of last week, was the greatest treat yet given to the music-lovers of this valley. All the numbers were excellently rendered, especially Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Mme. Chamberlin's own composition, "The Mazurka Caprice in E flat No. 1." Mrs. Empanan, the vocalist of the evening, was unable to appear on account of illness.

### Saves Both Time and Money.

Geo. Engler, the well-known winemaker, has substituted a small gasoline engine for the hand force pump which has been in use in his cellars for years. He finds it a great improvement over the old method of hand-pumping his wine into tanks and puncheons, as the engine saves both time and money.

## THE SUPERIOR COURT

The calendars were called in the Superior Court yesterday morning instead of Monday, as that day was a legal holiday. In Judge Dougherty's department these matters were disposed of:

Hannah Grothaus was appointed as executrix of the estate of Ferdinand Grothaus and will was admitted to probate.

The final account was settled and distribution was ordered of the estate of R. G. Wiley.

A sale of real estate was confirmed in the estate of Walton Smith, and a sale was ordered made in the estate of W. F. Wade.

Benjamin F. Barnes was appointed administrator on the estate of Benny F. Barnes and Public Administrator Pierce will administer the estate of Gustaf de Bruyne.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel N. Bailey, the demurrer was withdrawn by consent.

Probate matters continued: Estates of Gibson C. Rippey and Edward S. Brown to January 2nd; estate of J. T. McNamara to January 15th.

The order to amend the complaint was continued to January 2nd in the action of Bocca vs. Quien.

In Judge Burnett's court the costs were taxed at \$21.80 in the action of the Healdsburg Electric Light and Power Company against the City of Healdsburg, et al.

The suit of Frankie G. Gale vs. A. O. Gale was continued to January 8th by stipulation. The action of Charles Martin vs. Julia Barry went over to January 2nd.

The demurrer was overruled and five days allowed to answer in the action of F. B. Joy vs. J. McCaughey.

Josie Hiatt was granted a divorce from Charles Hiatt on the ground of desertion.

The demurrer was sustained in the action for damages brought by Walter J. Johnson vs. the California Northwestern Railway. Default of defendant was entered in the foreclosure suit of the Savings Bank of Santa Rosa against Jewell et al. and judgement was given for plaintiff in the sum of \$112,222, with taxes, cost and attorney's fees additional.

Daily Call and Index-Tribune \$7.00 per year.

Daily Chronicle and Index-Tribune, \$8.25 per year.

### TO CURE LAGRIPEIN TWO DAYS

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on every box. 25c.

## PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

### Other Matters of Interest to the General Reader.

Items of a personal and social nature are thankfully received at this office.

I. R. Ten Bosh spent Christmas at Locust Grove.

Henry Chauvet of Glen Ellen was in town Sunday.

Bert Jones has been spending the week in San Francisco.

Malcolm Elliott will re-enter Stanford University in August.

James B. Morris came up from San Francisco Saturday evening.

Mrs. R. B. Fowler of Santa Rosa was in town several days this week.

Mrs. Mollie Weyl has returned home after visiting in San Francisco.

Jake Munfrey came up from the metropolis Saturday night and returned Monday.

The Misses Ping of Eldridge spent several days in the metropolis last week.

Deputy Sheriff Jo. Ryan spent Christmas at the home of his mother in Benicia.

Frank Burris has returned from Traver, Tulare county, after an absence of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spaulding of San Francisco spent Christmas with Sonoma relatives.

Miss Bessie Knight, after a pleasant trip in the metropolis and suburban cities, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Weed are the guests of San Francisco relatives and will remain until after the holidays.

The large doll which had been on exhibition at Hotz's for the past three weeks was won by Mrs. J. Gottenberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hartin spent Christmas at Martinez, where their little daughter Katherine enjoyed a beautiful Christmas tree prepared by her grandmother Mrs. Elsom.

Mrs. Robin came up from the city last week and spent the holidays with her daughter, Miss Pauline Robin.

Miss Nettie Goess of San Francisco was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Goess on Christmas day.

Victor Sartori of Fairville, Jos. Keochler of McGill's and A. Marciorini of Sears' Point were in town last Saturday.

Elmer Rowell, late of the Locust Grove School, has been appointed vice-principal of the High School, vice A. Johnson, resigned.

The pupils and friends of Hugh G. Maxwell, musical director, tendered him a pleasant surprise party at his studio last Saturday evening.

Mr. Maxwell extended the hospitality of his sanctum to the unexpected guests and a delightful evening was passed in feasting and merry making.

## HOLIDAY SEASON

Is nearly at hand. It would be well to come and see us early. While the assortments are at their best we can supply you with all that is good and useful at little prices.

### Ladies and Childrens' Jackets.

Ladies' Black or Navy Blue Beaver or Boucle Jackets, with storm collars, cut in the latest style. Price, \$4.00 and \$5.00.  
Ladies' Stylish Jackets, in Tans, Browns, Navies and Blacks. All new styles this season. Price, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00.  
Childrens' Jackets. We have a big variety to select from. Ages 4 to 14 years. Price, \$2.50 to \$6.50.  
Fur Collars, Boas and Capes in great variety. Prices, \$1.00 to \$20.00.

### Dress Goods.

New Black Crepons, in patterns just right for holiday gifts. We have a big variety in skirt and suit lengths. Price \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 a yard.

### Table Linen and Napkins.

We are showing some handsome Table Linens. Very wide and fine. Price, \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yd.  
Napkins to match the Linen. Very large and fine. Price \$4.00 per dozen.  
Fine Bleached Linen Damask. Prices 50c, 60c, 75c and \$1.00 yd.  
Heavy half-Bleached Table Linen, Extra values. Price, 25c, 50c, 60c, and 75c per yd.

### Ladies' Wrappers

We are showing a big line of Percale and Flannelette Wrappers, made in the new Fall styles. Sizes 34 to 44. Price 75c to \$2.00.  
Ladies' Correct Wrappers. Just the thing for house wear. Price, \$1.25.

### Gloves for Everybody

Ladies' fine Kid Gloves, Black, White or Colors. Price, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 pr.  
Childrens and Misses' one or two-clasp Kid Gloves, in colors. Price, \$1 pr.  
Ladies and Childrens' Cashmere Woolen Gloves, 25c pair.  
Mens' heavy knit Yam Gloves for winter. Price 25c to 50c pair.  
Mens and Boys' wool lined Gloves for cold weather. Price 55c to \$1.50 pr.

### Mens and Boys' Clothing

Mens' Suits. We have a big variety. New Fall styles. Prices, \$4 to \$15.00.  
Boys and Young Mens' Long Pant Suits, all styles. Price \$4.00 to \$10.00.  
Little Boys' Short Pant Suits, new Fall styles. Price \$2.00 to \$5.00.  
Mens' Overcoats, Black, Brown, Navy Blue and Tan. Price \$7.50 to \$12.50.  
Boys' Overcoats, large or small, ages 3 years to 12 years. Price \$2.50 to \$5.00.

## HALE BROS., Petaluma

Miss Kate McDonnell was in Petaluma Saturday.  
Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Hoeker went to Santa Rosa Wednesday.  
Miss Florence Linehan came up Sunday from San Francisco.  
John Valente and Frank Weyl are down from Healdsburg.  
Jas. Glynn and Frank Thierkoff visited Glen Ellen last Tuesday.

Paul Neumann of Alameda spent Christmas with his sister Mrs. Robt. Poppe.

Miss Rena Small went to the city this week to visit her brother Lester.

Miss Amy Poppe of Glen Ellen has been visiting her Sonoma cousins this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Johnson of San Francisco are the guests of Judge and Mrs. Cheney.

W. E. Code, representing the San Francisco Call, was in town several days this week.

Mrs. Willie Cook and Mrs. Wilson of Schellville were in town Thursday shopping.

W. S. Staley, Deputy U. S. Marshal of Alaska, is spending the holidays at his home in Kenwood.

Richard Stevens came up from the city Saturday and was the guest of Sonoma relatives for a couple of days.

Mr. Fred Batto and Miss Matilda Andreau of Vineburg were married in San Francisco last Wednesday.

Robt. Donahue came up from the city Saturday evening and spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. M. Donahue of Embarcadero.

Chas. Champlin, Fred Clewe, Deme Gordenker and Misses Lowell and Grance are up from the University spending the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Miller of San Francisco spent Christmas at "Orange Lawn," their beautiful country home in the eastern suburbs of town.

County Superintendent of Schools Minnie Coulter has been in attendance at the State Teachers' Association meetings in Sacramento the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Cheney of Sacramento are spending the holidays with their many relatives in this place. Mr. Cheney holds a responsible position in the machine shops of the Southern Pacific Company in the capital city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wicker of San Francisco have been enjoying the holidays at "Ivy Lodge," one of the proprietors of the popular down town restaurant, "Good Fellows Grotto."

Mme. Chamberlin, the gifted pianist, has been invited by some of Vallejo's leading society people to give a concert in Farragut Hall in that city in the near future. The lady has decided to accept and Vallejo is to be congratulated upon the anticipation of such a high-class musical treat. Mme. Chamberlin's playing is more than ordinary. It is extraordinary. Her interpretation of the master composers, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Verdi, Wagner, Gottschalk, Chopin and Rubenstein is wonderfully fine. Her technique is brilliant and her phrasing most artistic. She was at one time a pupil of Moscovski.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

George and Fred. Bulotti of San Francisco were the guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. V. Bulotti on Christmas day.

Deme Gordenker, a student at the State University, is up from Berkeley spending the holidays with his Glen Ellen relatives.

Friend McHarvey, who is a private in the regular army stationed at the Presidio, is the guest of his grandmother Mrs. M. McHarvey.

Win Kerner, whose life was almost despaired of the latter part of last week, is now nearly out of danger. His complaint was pneumonia. Dr. Hennessey of Napa was summoned to his bedside on Saturday last, since which time he has been slowly but surely getting well.

### Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their continued popularity for near half of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by the Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1900 will be over eleven millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1900 can be obtained, free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

### The Latest Yarn.

A Pittsburg drummer tells this new yarn I always carry a bottle of Kemp's Balsam in my grip. I take cold easily and a few doses of the Balsam always make me a well man. Everywhere I go I always speak a good word for Kemp. I take hold of my customers—I take old men and young men and tell them confidentially what I do when I take cold. At druggists, 25c. and 50c.

## A. PINELLI,

DEALER IN

### GROCERIES AND WOOD,

A Choice line of

### Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Northeast Cor. Plaza

MISCELLANEOUS.

# The Racket Store's

SECOND ANNUAL

## CLEARANCE SALE!

Commencing December 26th

Will be the greatest Petaluma has ever known. Those who are familiar with our Clearance Sale one year ago know how we cut prices when we wish to reduce stock. We have ordered new goods which must have room. Instead of idling away our time in the dull season, we are going to do our customers a good turn—prices that will fill our store with **gags**.  
dullest of seasons.  
**KERNER,**

Remember this Sale Con-  
December 26th-31stables.

You must come early to do  
No room for prices, but there

Cuts in Clothing.  
Cuts in Shoes.  
Cuts in Dry Goods.  
Cuts in Holiday Goods.  
Cuts in Furnishing Goods.  
Cuts in Fancy Goods.  
Cuts in Sewing Machines.

# DON'T MISS IT.

## THE RACKET

857 Main St., Petaluma.

BATTO & SON,  
Vineburg, Sonoma county, Cal.



